

## Left In Perfect Condition

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/29488518) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/29488518>.

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Language:	English
Series:	Part 6 of <a href="#">Blob Dream is a Flashlight</a>
Collections:	<a href="#">MCYT</a>
Stats:	Published: 2021-02-16 Words: 896

## Left In Perfect Condition

by [Shhbequiet](#)

### Summary

George accidentally leaves his bullet vibrator in the flashlight. Dream has a great time.

### Notes

pretty sure a few people requested something like this :)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

George took out the flashlight. He was frustrated with this new video he was editing, he knew if he didn't relieve some tension now, it would never get done.

He was ready to prep it when he realized it was already loose, whatever, the less work he had to do the better. He jerked his slicked up cock in, fucking it harder than usual. He needed something fast and desperate, something to clear his head.

He wanted this to be over quick, no time to savor his favorite toy. He grabbed his bullet vibe, turning it on and sliding it in. The vibrations up against his cock were *amazing*. So much so, that it

was over pretty quick, cum shooting deep into the toy.

He sighed, tension leaving his body. He was lucky he had this fleshlight. It got him off quicker than any of his other toys could even hope to.

His mind was focused now, he slid out quickly, paying no attention to the vibrator, still on, that got left inside. He put his headset back on, ready to grind out a few hours of editing.

Dream woke up in a daze, his mind was still foggy, what was going on? He was cuddled up to someone, who was it?

A moan was forced out of his cracked throat. A cock sliding into his still stretched hole. He let himself be fucked, he was still oversensitive from earlier, but he *loved* it. He was used to getting used for hours, this was nothing.

He moaned louder as the vibrator was slipped in as well. The in and out motions of getting fucked plus the vibrations that were getting dangerously close to his prostate, were slowly making him lose his mind.

He felt cum dumping inside of him, whining in disappointment. It was over too soon, he wanted *more*. George's cock pulled out, and the motion made the vibrator press snugly up to his prostate.

He mewled and hoped George left it in *a little* longer. He just needed enough to - he came, thighs shaking and back arching.

He whined in oversensitivity, George usually never left it in like this, was always careful with his toys. His legs quivered and he turned over, desperate for friction against this cock.

He pulled a pillow between his legs and humped into it. Even though he changed positions, the vibrator stayed lodged exactly where it was left, pressed straight up to his sore prostate, he couldn't do anything to stop it.

His cock was leaking, leaving streaks of pre-cum on the pillow. He whined and sobbed at the delicious pleasure being forced on him, cumming again.

Sapnap was a pretty heavy sleeper, but even he couldn't sleep through the cries and rocking of the bed happening right next to him.

He rubbed his eyes before getting a clear look at Dream, pretty thighs enveloping a pillow as he practically rode it.

What a beautiful sight to wake up to.

This was the first time he actually got to *see* Dream sob and shake in pleasure. He was gorgeous. Sweat sticking his hair to his face, blush spreading from his face down his broad, freckled shoulders. His waist was slim, flat stomach tensing as he came all over the pillow.

Sapnap thought he would stop, surely he was tired from earlier.

He continued, hips jerking wildly against the pillow, as tears formed in his eyes.

There was no way Dream would just keep going like this. What was going on?

He heard Dream slip a name between his pretty begs, *George*.

Sapnap's eyes widened, pieces falling into place. George must have also had a fleshlight, that was the only explanation for this.

Oh fuck, that meant he was using it, right now. George was using it while Sapnap was sleeping peacefully next to Dream.

He watched Dream cum again, fuck he was so goddamn pretty. And he kept going, small noises constantly leaving his mouth.

Jeez, what was George doing to the poor thing? This couldn't be normal, right?

He reached out to Dream, petting over his sides, trying to calm him down a bit. He asked him what was going on, but he was mostly unresponsive, words having a hard time making their way out.

Sapnap hushed him softly, giving small praises, he tried asking again.

Dream's voice broke in the middle of a word, what what was it? Vibe?

*Vibrator.*

George must have left a vibrator in the toy, that idiot.

He should probably stop this, call George and tell him to take that damn vibrator out, their friend was shaking and crying over here.

He asked Dream if he wanted it to stop - *No!*

Fuck, he could take a lot.

He spent the next few hours watching Dream cum over and over, eventually he pulled him over so he was straddling him instead of the pillow. Let him grind their cocks together until Sapnap was cumming too, and let him keep going, desperate thrusts against his cock and stomach.

Finally, Dream collapsed with a cry. George must have taken the vibrator out, thank god. He soothed his hands up and down his waist, soft whispers praising him, he did *so* well. He cleaned him up, water being fed to him in small sips. Dream fell back into sleep easily.

Great, now they *all* needed to talk.

## End Notes

accidentally tagged this as top George weasley by accident lol, I hate tagging

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